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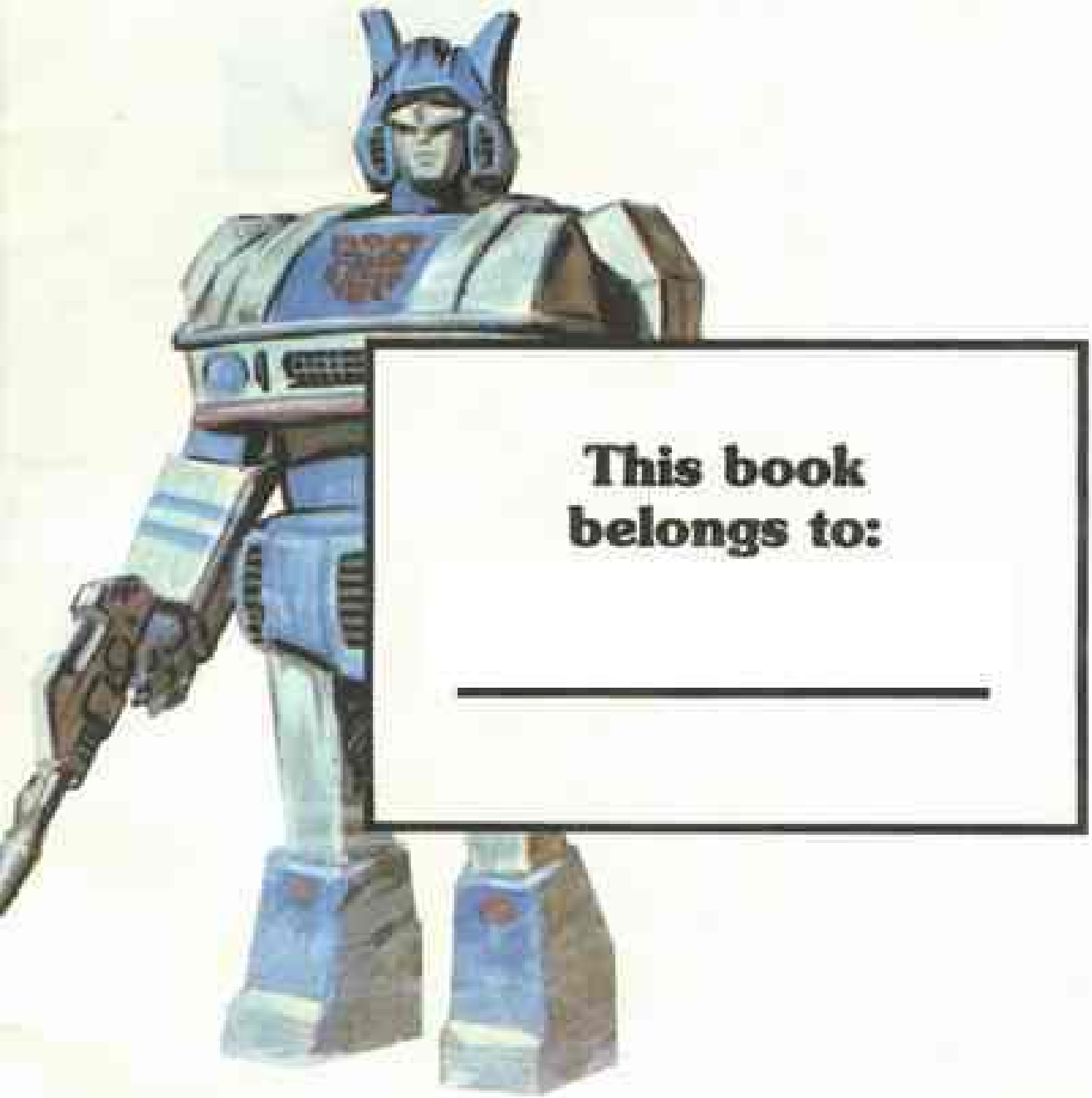
BATTLE FOR CYBERTRON



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THE TRANSFORMERS

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE!

AUTOBOT

DECEPTICON

MARVEL BOOKS

THE TRANSFORMERS™

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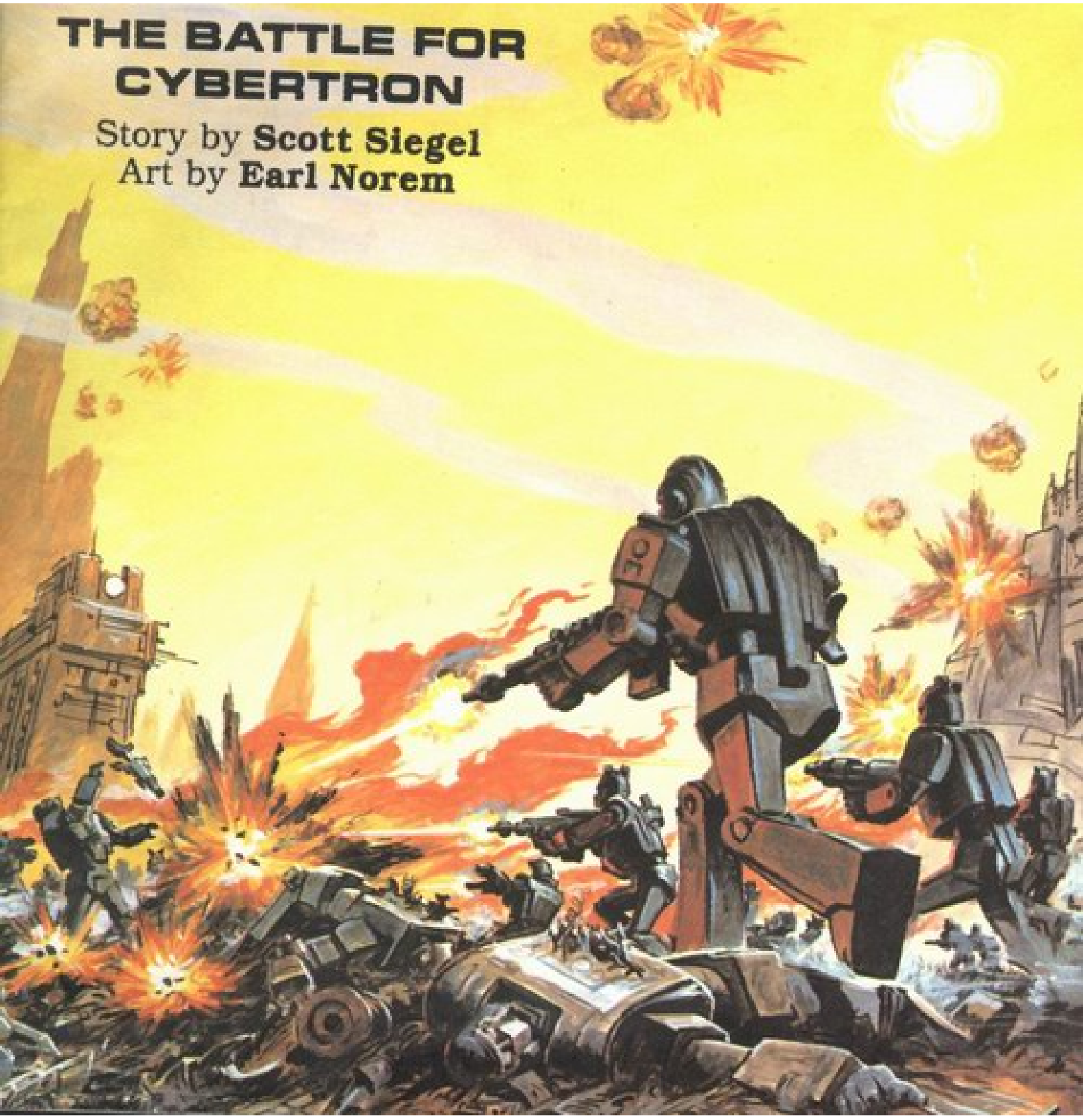
THE BATTLE FOR CYBERTRON

Story by **Scott Siegel**
Art by **Earl Norem**



A terrible war between good and evil raged on the planet Cybertron. But this was no ordinary war. And the fighters were not ordinary men. In fact, they were robots!

The peaceful Autobots were nearly destoyed by the evil and powerful Decepticons. The Decepticons planned to rule Cybertron and then make war upon the entire universe!

But the Autobots fought back. They, too, were mighty warriors, and they battled bravely. They refused to give up.

A thousand years went by, but the terrible war continued. The damage had become so great that Cybertron was shaken loose from its orbit. It was now hurtling through space out of control. Soon it would be smashed to pieces.

Optimus Prime, the largest, strongest, and wisest of all the Autobots, wanted to save their world.

"Who will go with me out into space?" he asked the Autobots.

"I'll go!" the smallest of the Autobots cried out.

"For a little one, Bumblebee, you show great courage," laughed their leader. Then he turned to the others and challenged, "Who else among you is as brave as Bumblebee and will join me?"

"Take me!" yelled Jazz.

"I'll go" called out Prowl.

And then all the others shouted that they wanted to go, too.

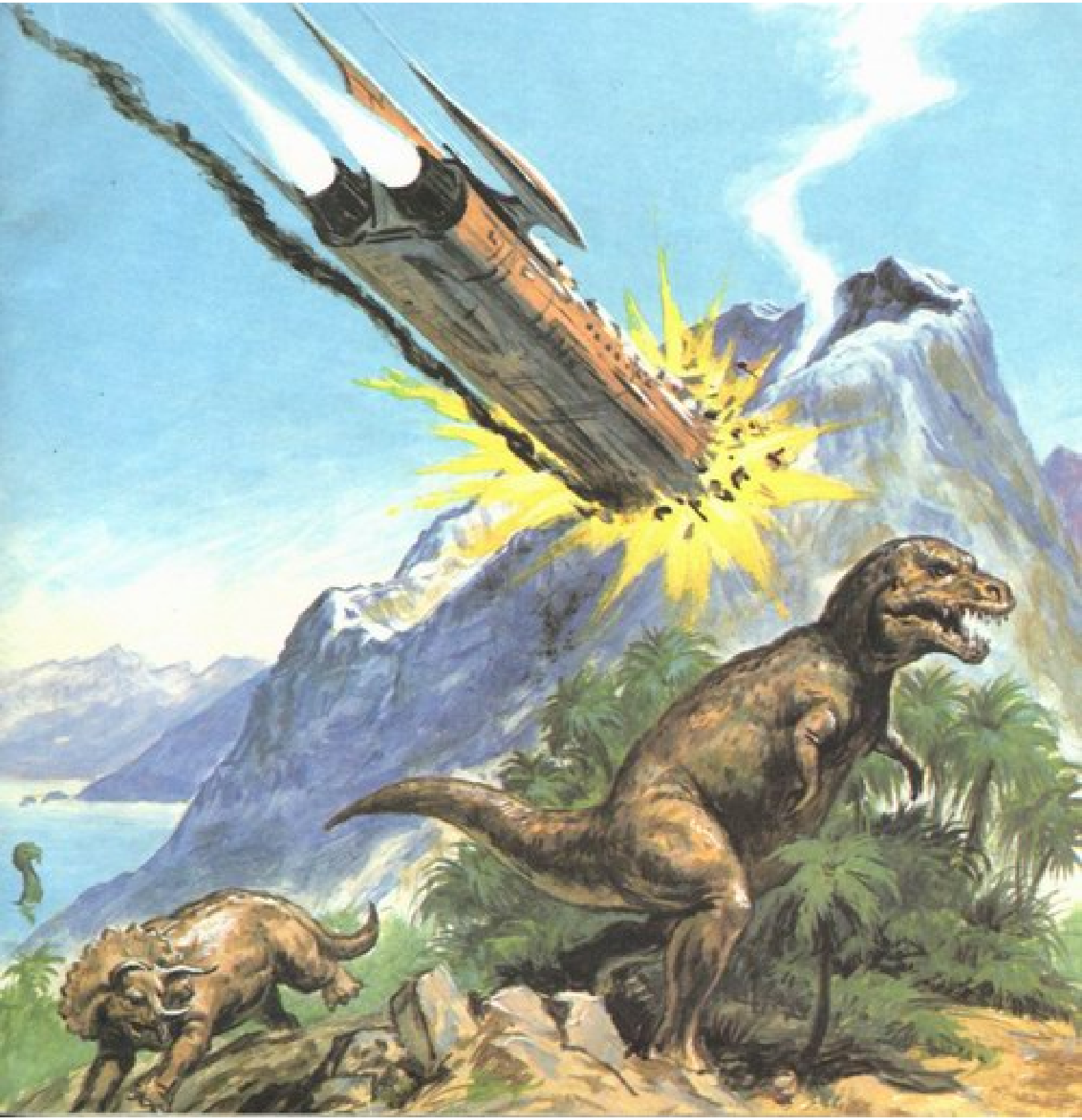
When all was ready, the Autobot space ship soared away from Cybertron to clear a path for their planet through the asteroid belt. But they were not alone. A Decepticon war ship was lurking in ambush and attacked!

The Decepticons chased them across a million miles of space until they were close enough to beam a landing party aboard the Autobot ship.

The Autobots were in trouble. Optimus Prime quickly set the controls of the ship so that their vessel would crash at full speed into the sun's third planet - Earth!

The ear-shattering sound of the Autobot ship smashing into the Earth sent the mighty dinosaurs running in terror.

Then all was quiet for the next four million years.



The eruption of a volcano finally awakened the Ark, the Autobot ship's computer.

The Ark studied the surface of the Earth. When it picked up the familiar whirrrrr of machinery, its light glowed bright with joy. "Now I'll go right to work repairing the crew," it decided.

But the Ark was too damaged to realize the difference between the Autobots and Decepticons inside the ship and it began changing the shape of every robot on board. It rebuilt them to look like the machinery it detected on Earth. As part of the repair work, the Ark gave the robots the ability to transform themselves back into their original robot shapes.

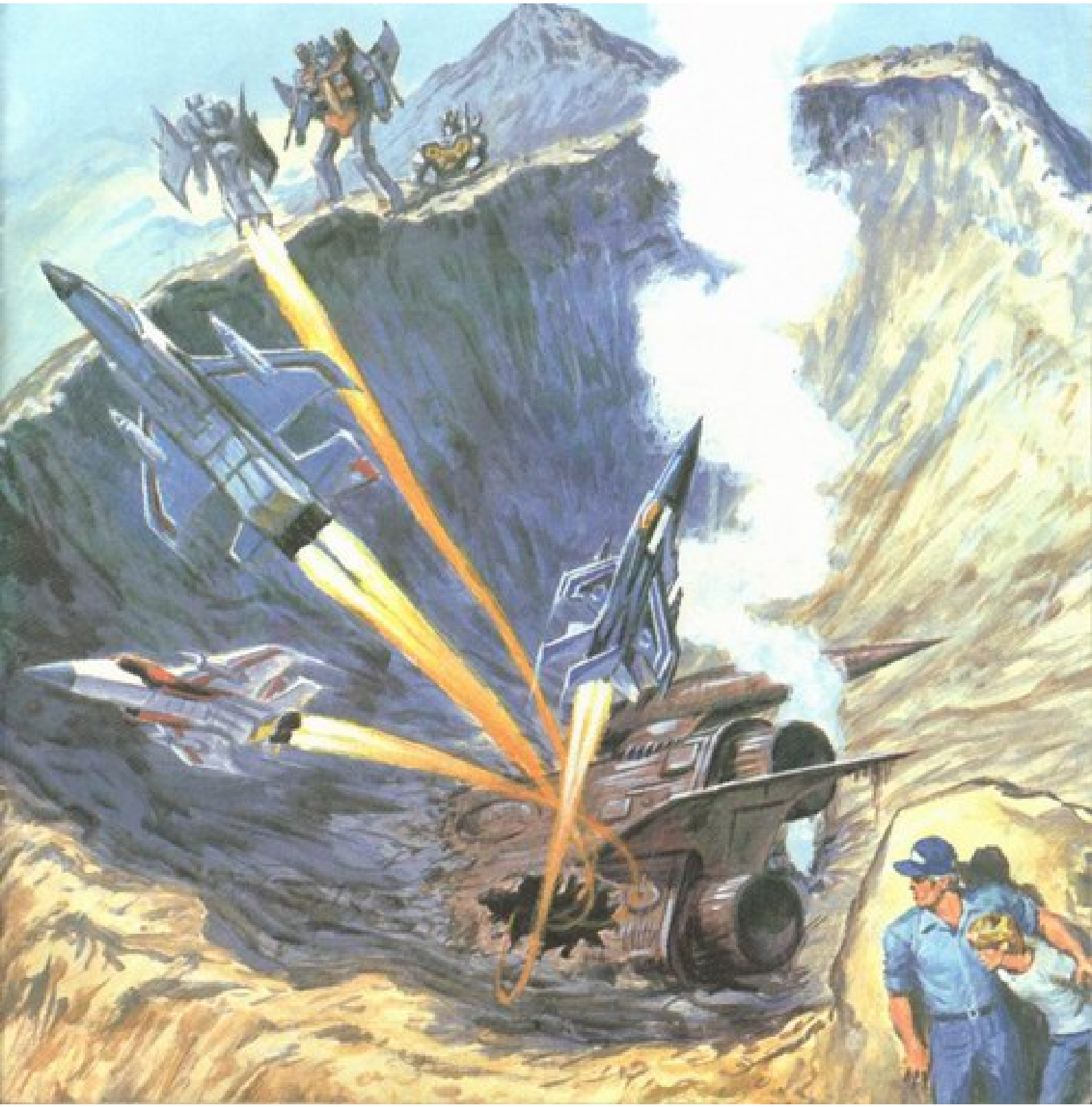
The first to be assembled by the Ark were the Decepticons. And even after four million years, they still remembered their main goal: destroy the Autobots!

"Sparkplug" and his son, were looking at the damage done by the volcano when they suddenly stopped dead in their tracks.

"Dad! Look at that!" Spike cried, pointing down into a deep crater.

What they saw were jet planes flying out of a strange, battered space ship. The jets landed on the far side of the crater and transformed themselves into huge, frightening robots.

"Hide behind that boulder!" Sparkplug said, pushing his son toward safety. "It doesn't take a genius to know that something weird is going on here."



While Sparkplug and Spike watched, the Decepticons gathered in battle formation and aimed their combined firepower on the ship with the Autobots still inside. But as they were about to fire, the Ark sensed the danger. "Better put up the defense shield," it said to itself. When the blast was deflected, the Ark blinked its lights and sighed, "Whew, that was just in time."

The Decepticon leader, Megatron, angrily turned to the others and scowled, "Our power levels are too low. We must search out new sources of fuel on this planet. Then we'll come back and crush the Autobots!"

"Hey, whoever they are, they're leaving," Sparkplug said. "That'll give us a chance to take a look at that big blinking contraption they tried to blow up. Come on."

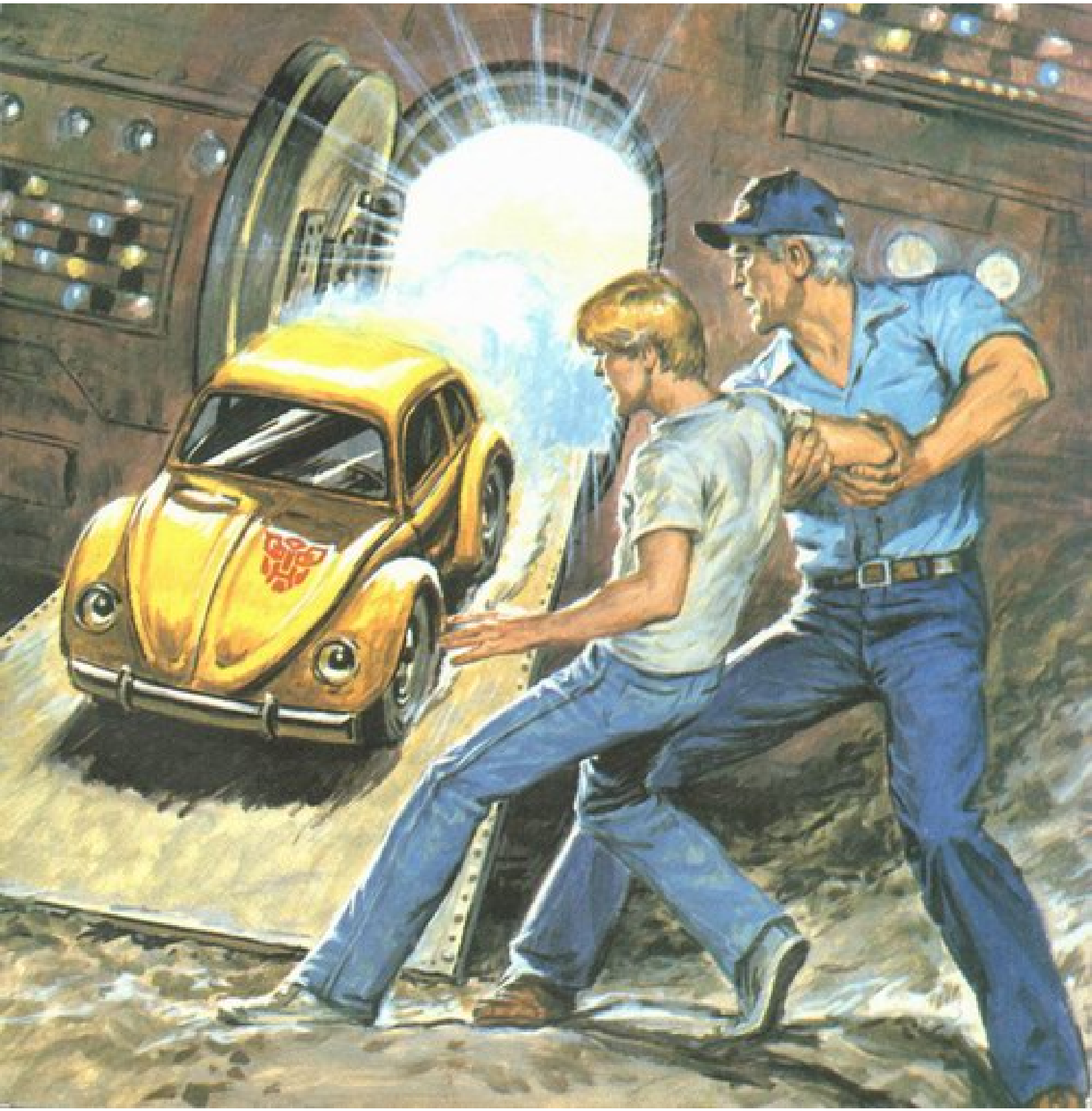
"Uh...you think that's a good idea, Dad?" Spike said hesitantly.

"You ever see a machine I didn't understand?" Sparkplug demanded. "I didn't get the name 'Sparkplug' for nothin', boy. Come on, it's time you had a little adventure!"

"A little adventure?" Spike cried. "With what we just saw? Are you kidding?"

As they came up to the Autobot ship, a little yellow Volkswagen rolled down to meet them.

"Look out!" yelled Sparkplug as he grabbed his son and pulled him out of the way. "There's nobody drivin' that thing!"



The little VW stopped immediately.

"What are you?" it asked in a thin, squeaky voice.

Sparkplug looked around for the voice.

"It's the car, Dad," Spike said. "It's talking to us!"

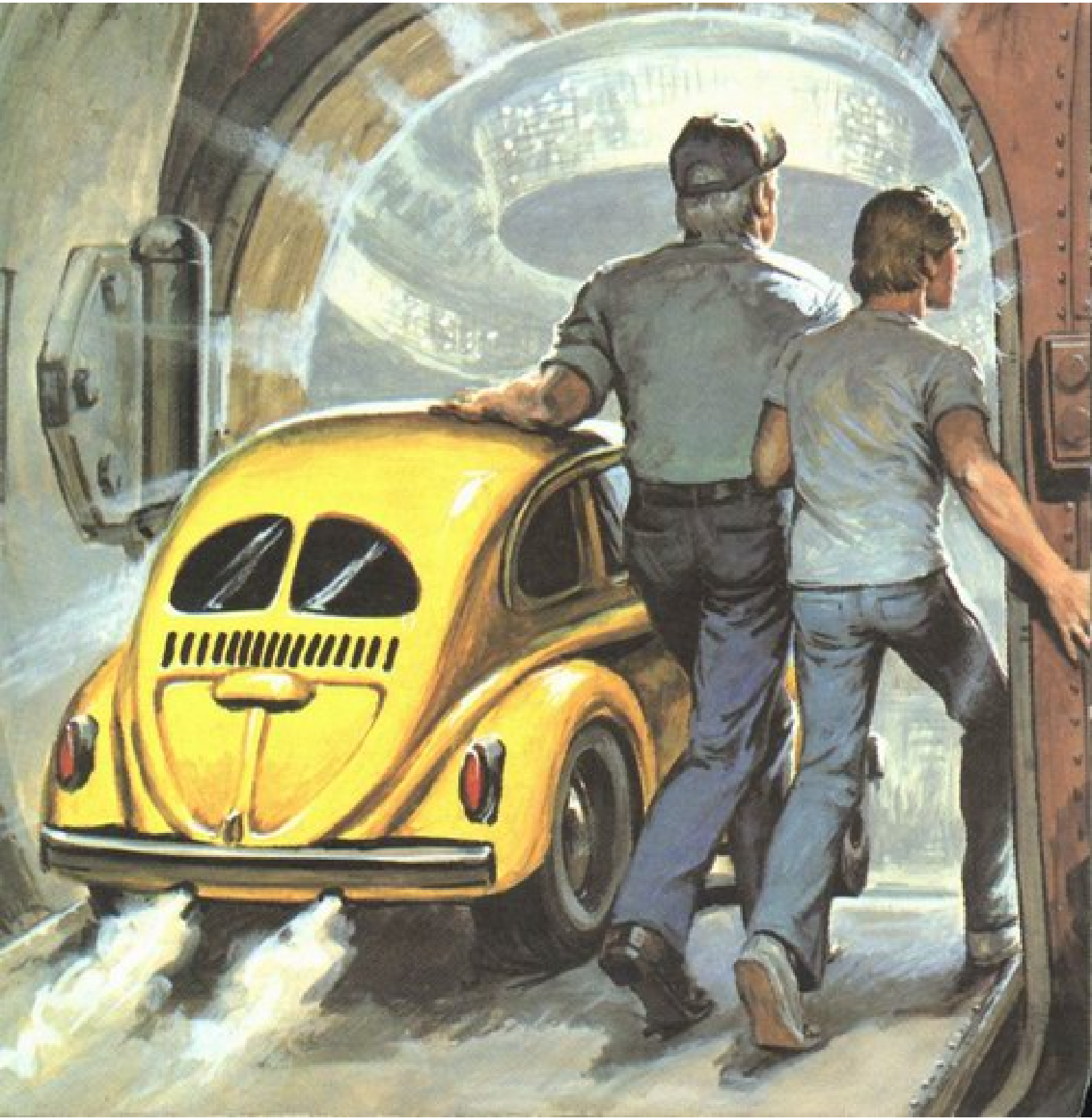
Realizing Spike was right, Sparkplug explained, "We're humans. What are you?"

"I'm an Autobot. My code name is Bumblebee. Will you help us?" Bumblebee explained about the Autobots and the Decepticons.

"We saw those Decepticons," said Spike. "They turned from jets into robots and then they tried to zap your ship. They didn't look too friendly."

"You're right," said Bumblebee. "And their attack damaged the Ark -- our ship's brain. We're in desperate need of help."

"You're talkin' to the right man," said Sparkplug. "Let's get at it!"



Sparkplug had never seen machines like these before, but he fiddled with them until the wreckage of the Autobots formed into a fleet of cars and trucks.

Optimus Prime gave the signal, and suddenly Sparkplug and Spike were surrounded by gigantic robots. One jeep, though, didn't take part in the transformation.

Optimus Prime said, "That's Hound. We need him to ride out over this rough ground. We have to find a source of power or we'll never survive on your world."

"Hey, if you're looking for power," suggested Sparkplug, "you won't have to go far. We're sitting right next to a volcano. You can tap into that underground power."

"We better get home, Dad," Spike said.

"You are our friends," said Optimus Prime, simply. "Hound...take them home."

CITY

On the way home, just outside their city of Kimball, they spotted the Decepticons swooping down into a nuclear power plant. A second later, the lights in Kimball went out. The Decepticons had drained all the power!

Hound knew he sould get back to warn the other Autobots.

Spike sensed Hound's problem. "I think I need just a little more adventure today," he said.

"Hear that, Hound?" said Sparkplug. "That means you'd better turn around and race back to base. And hurry!"

Hound zoomed like a race car over miles of bumpy hills.

There wasn't much time. The Decepticons would soon be finished with the nuclear power plant and then they'd head straight for the Autobots.

But they made it! Hound gave his warning to the others and then Optimus Prime announced their strategy.

"We must use the element of surprise," he said. "The Decepticons don't know what form we've taken. Let them come here and attack. But we won't be here. The Ark will defend the ship. We'll draw them into a trap where they least expect us."

He turned to Bumblebee and ordered, "You take Sparkplug and Spike and keep them out of danger. If any of the Decepticons try to outmaneuver us, warn us by flashing your headlights three times."

"Yes, sir!"

"Now," said Optimus, "let's go!"

The Autobots formed a long convoy and rolled out of the mountains and down into the desert darkness.

Later that night, the Decepticons attacked the empty Autobot ship.

The Ark's shields were up and at full strength. The force of the Decepticon blasts bounced off and did no damage.

Megatron just had to know if he'd been fooled into attacking an empty position. He turned and called out, "Soundwave, come here! Tune in the inside of the ship. Tell me if the Autobots are hiding inside."

Soundwave quickly turned into his early form and probed the Autobot vessel.

"Only the ship's brain is there," he reported as the lights twinkled on board. "And it's laughing at us!"

"We'll see who laughs last," Megatron growled. "They're trying to outsmart us, but they won't. We'll split up. Half will circle north to south. The other half, south to north. And then, when we find them, we'll have them trapped between us!"

As the sun rose over the desert, the Autobot convoy spotted the Decepticons. But the jets screaming toward them from the south only saw a long line of cars down below.

"Let me at 'em," the red Porsche code-named Cliffjumper shouted.

"Wait for my signal," ordered Optimus Prime.

Soon the jets would be right on top of them.

"Wait...hold on... NOW!"

The line of cars suddenly transformed itself into massive Autobot robots with their weapons aimed up into the sky.

"FIRE!" came the command!

The Decepticons were completely fooled.

"We've got them this time!" shouted the Autobots.

But Optimus Prime wasn't so sure. This seemed too easy...and it worried him.

From half a mile away, Bumblebee, Sparkplug, and Spike watched the battle.

"Oh, no!" cried Bumblebee. "They're coming from the other direction, too."

"Give the signal," said Sparkplug.

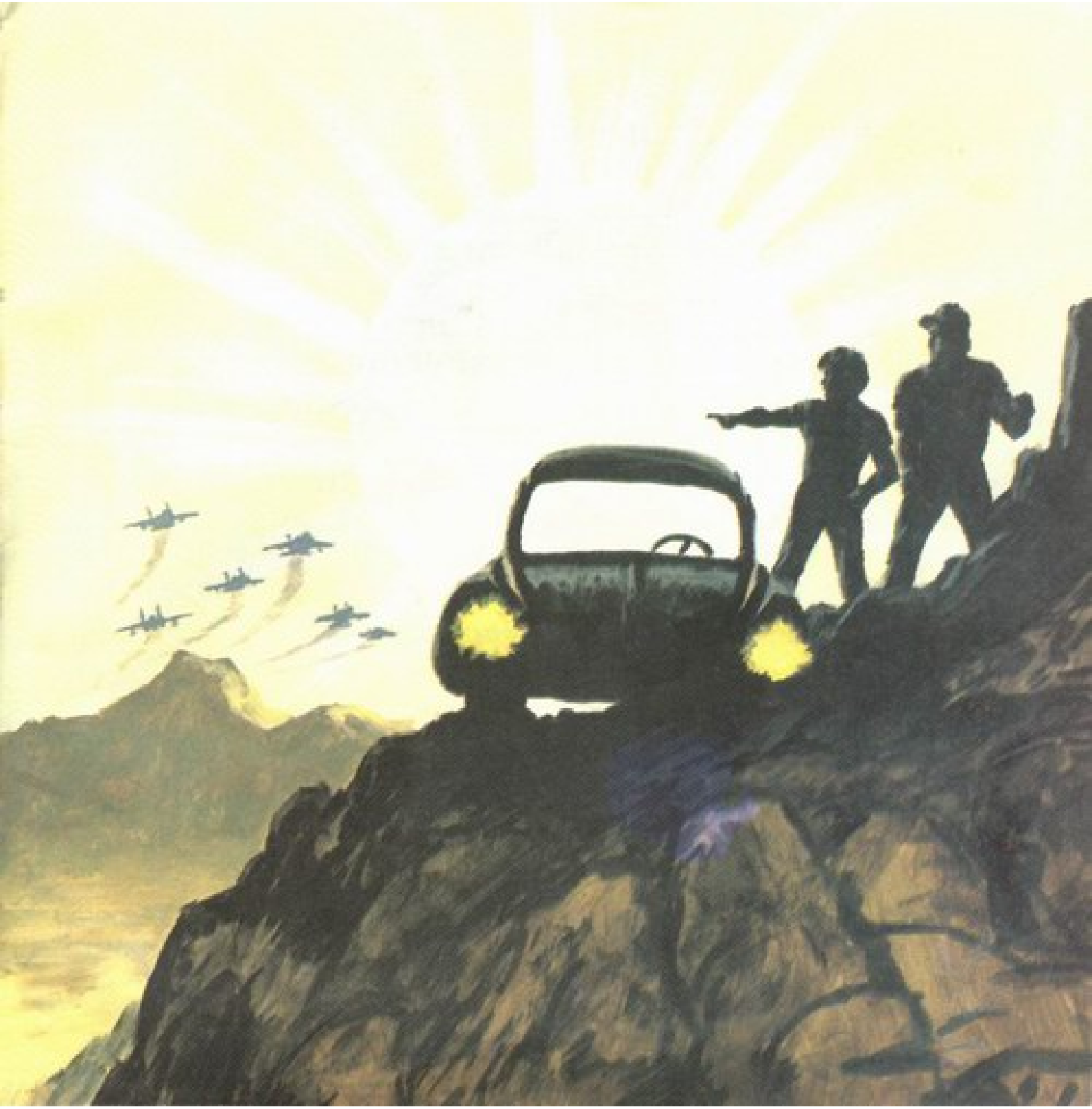
Bumblebee blinked his headlights three times -- over and over.

"I don't think they see it," Spike said in a shaky voice.

Sparkplug slapped his forehead. "You're right! The sun is right behind us and it must be blinding them."

Spike looked up at his father and said, "I'm about to have more adventure, right?"

"Just a little," his father teased. "Okay, let's go, Bumblebee."



Bumblebee, Sparkplug, and Spike got there with their warning with just seconds to spare. Optimus ordered his troops to form a circle, and a moment later, the battle exploded over the entire desert sky!

The Decepticons were at full force. And it was Starscream, firing his null-ray rifle, who did the most damage. He struck Optimus Prime, short-circuiting him.

With their leader out of action, the Autobots started to panic.

The Decepticons surged forward, sensing victory.

Meanwhile, Sparkplug was digging inside Optimus Prime's body and doing some very fast tinkering. Suddenly, Optimus snapped back on, as good as new!

The Autobots took heart from the return of their leader, and the tide of the battle turned.

The Decepticons had had enough.

Besides, their fuel was running low again. Megatron picked himself up off the desert floor and signaled the retreat.

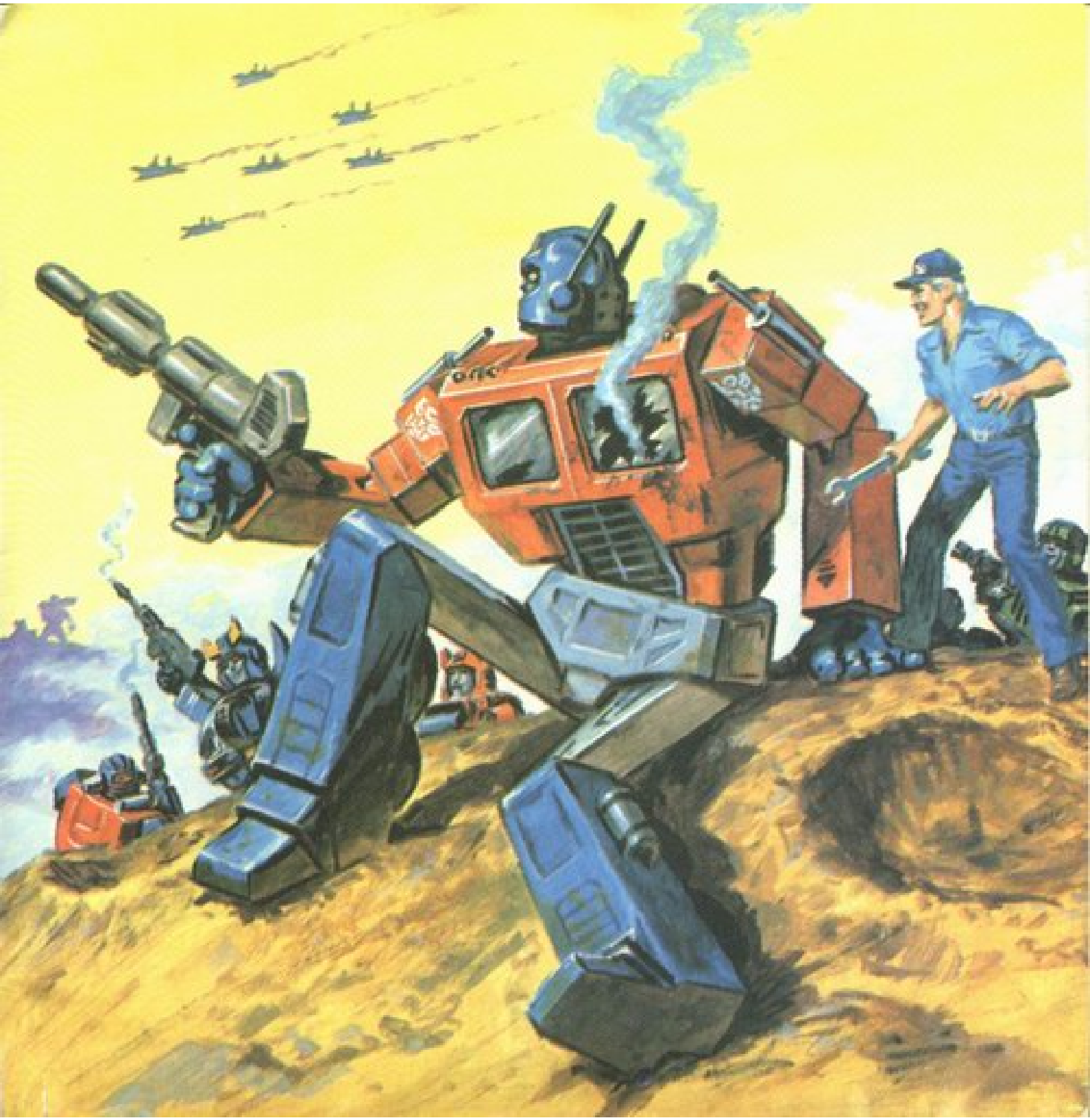
"We'll meet again, Autobots!" he bellowed. "And the next time we'll blast you into junk."

The Autobots had won!

Finally, Optimus quieted their cheering and said, "We have had a great victory today, but it was possible only because of the help of our friends, Sparkplug and Spike. Earth must be a wonderful place if it holds such fine humans as these. We must vow to protect this planet from the Decepticons just as if it were our beloved home, Cybertron."

"As far as we're concerned," said Sparkplug, "Earth is your home. You're our kind of machines! Right, Spike?"

"Right!"



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